

## SONG

Lovely Flow'rs, with charms abounding,  
Liveliest pictures on the plain  
Of Youth and Spring; yet Pity wound-  
ing,  
That so short must be your reign.

The Vi'let meek, the Morning brought it,  
Blooming on the tufted green;  
But at Eve, the Virgin fought it,  
When no more it could be seen!

Oh, Rose! thy sweets at Noon I'll gather,  
Sung the Shepherdes so bland;  
She came—alas! the Roses wither,  
Drooping in her lily Hand!

Yet